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ADVERTISER

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PROGRAM TITLE

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

(TIME) (DATE) (DAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers.

MUSIC: March: "Ranger's Song."

ANNOUNCER: There is located in Madison, Wisconsin, a laboratory which is one of the most interesting and useful in all the world. It is the Forest Products Laboratory, maintained by the United States Forest Service. Here, amidst a profusion of test tubes and strange measuring machines, covered with many dials and levers, the wood from our Nation's forests is tested for every conceivable use that may be of value to you and me. The Staff of scientists at this laboratory can tell you almost anything you wish to know about wood; from the most practical and economical way to nail together a packing case, to the method for manufacturing paper from wood-pulp. They have collected valuable data on the use of structural timbers; the control of moisture content and shrinkage of wood; the best methods for painting and finishing, and the protection of wood from decay and insects. The work of the Forest Products Laboratory is closely related to our forestry activities. It is designed to extend the use of wood in our products, to prevent waste, and to accomplish the most efficient utilization of timber.

And now we go again to the Pine Cone National Forest where Ranger Jim Robbins and the Assistant Ranger, Jerry Quick, are on the job.

Now today is Dr. Davidson, a scientist from the Forest Products Laboratory who has been making some studies on the Pine Cone Forest. And incidentally, has been asked to lecture tonight at a meeting of the local civic club. We find them at Windy Creek Fore Office. The first mail has just arrived.

STADIUM STADIUM PAGE IN TO STADIUM, END

JOHN: (OFF) And any mail for Mr. Davidson, I would get some
 copies. When's the next mail out to Ell City?

JIM: (FADING IN) There's a letter for you, Mr. Davidson.

JOHN: Thank you Jim.

JIM: Good night, Jerry.

JERRY: Thanks Jim. Oh, excuse. I'm only an advertisement.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) That's a sign of progress, Jerry, when
 people think you have more to say than

JERRY: I don't know how anybody would get the idea I was progressing.

JOHN: Now, Jim, it's not at all like you have coming to me with
 tonight!

JIM: I believe that's all for now.

JERRY: They'll have a crowd, all right. But you say that I'd
 prefer him to tell any or even called anything about
 labor. They know they have plenty of work it now.

JOHN: (LAUGHING) I've heard that before.

JERRY: I suppose you have. Now, Jim, it's about time I go. Just the
 schoolhouse to you the day from now, so we can look at
 the place after the meeting.

JOHN: (CHUCKLING) We'll welcome you to you, Jerry. Good
 night!

JERRY: (LAUGHING) I think I can handle it.

(MADNESS IN JOVIAL IRISH BROODER) Top of the morning to ye, Jim Robbins

JIM: Well, hello, Tom. Haven't seen you in a long time. Meet a friend of mine, Tom. Dr. Davidson. This is Tom Collins.

TOM: Sure, and it's glad I am to make your acquaintance, Dr. Davidson.

DAV: Gled to know you, Mr. Collins.

JIM: Tom's been prospectin' around the First Come District here for nearly ten years. Isn't that right, Tom?

TOM: It'll be all of ten years, sir.

JERRY: What's that you're carrying, Tom? Looks like you've bought yourself a set of golf clubs.

JIM: Laying out a golf course on your claim, Tom? (CHUCKLES)

TOM: (LAUGHING) I've no time for the likes o' that. It's a brand new rifle I'm after buyin'. It's come to the place where a man's got to protect himself from varmints.

JERRY: What's wrong, Tom. Are the mountain cats getting bad up your way?

TOM: Aye. Two legged mountain cats.

JIM: What do you mean?

TOM: Ye know I'm not a man to be after complainin'. Jim, ye may recall Mike Bundy, he's the brother of Satan, himself.

JIM: Can't you and Mike get along together?

TOM: How could I be expected to get along with a rattlesnake? I ask ye that.

JERRY: He's been a pretty good friend of ours lately.

TOM: We had no trouble ourselves till the first of the year. But when a man comes racin' onto your place and says he'll shoot the next time ye set foot on his land, and he accuses ye o' poachin' his trap lines, when ye never even seen 'em and then gives ye no time to defend yerself; I'd say 'twas time ye took measures for yer own protection.

JIM: Mike accused you of poaching his trap lines?

TOM: Faith and he did. And he gives at me a trap I'd never seen in me life, sayin' 'twas the one I'd set on his land. If he hadn't took me so by surprise and left so quick like, I'd of backed his head with one clout.

DAV: He sounds like a bad customer.

TOM: The worst I ever seen in me life.

JIM: Well, Tom, I don't think you'll have to take much of a rifle around with you. Mike Bundy's not as bad as he sounds. Tell you what we'll do. You going to be around your place tomorrow?

TOM: I could be.

JIM: Supposin' we have a little talk with Mike and see if we can't straighten out this situation.

TOM: Ah, I know ye, Jim. Yer always after makin' peace. But I tell ye, it'll do no good. Mike Bundy's an ignorant haythen.

JIM: It won't do any harm to try. But I wish you'd promise me you'll keep your finger off the trigger of that own rifle.

TOM: I'll start nothin' with nobody, Jim. But there's another reason I'm after gettin' me a new gun.

JIM: What's that?

TOM: (SPEAKING QUIETLY) Yer the only one who knows it besides myself. Ye remember I've told ye I been settin' aside a tidy bit o' dust from my diggin's every season.

JIM: Yes, you have.

JEPHY: You shouldn't keep it up there in your cabin, Tom. It isn't safe. You never can tell who

TOM: That's what I'm gettin' at. It ain't safe to keep gold nowhere. But it's better off where I can keep me eye on it than any place else.

DAY: You mean you're keeping the dust in your cabin?

TOM: Ay, and have been these years. But I've enough sum now to do what I want, and I'm leavin' for Ireland this very summer.

TERRY. What are you going to do, Tom? Buy yourself a place over there?

TOM: Faith, no, lad. But as old mother's there, and she's been aillin' for sometime. I'm bringin' her back with us. We'll buy us a place here and settle down.

JIM: That's a fine idea. And you couldn't find a better place to settle in.

TOM: Don't I know it; havin' been neighbors with ye all this time. Well, I'll be gettin' on.

JIM: Say, Tom. Why don't you come to the meeting at the schoolhouse tonight? Dr. Davidson here is going to talk about the protection of wool from insects, and answer any questions that might be asked about it.

TOM: Sure, I know it'll be a fine meetin'. But, yer pardon, Dr. Davidson, I don't put much with these scientific talks.

DAV: We don't talk a lot about science, Mr. Collins. We like to stick pretty close to good practical house sense.

TOM: (LAUGHING GENIALLY) Well, I'll always give a man credit for tryin' anyhow.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) I'm afraid, Dr. Davidson, that Tom's a bit bit old fashioned in some of his ways.

TOM: They do say the ould ways are the good ways, Jim.

VERA: There are 20... installed in... Dr. Davidson
 has got a... installed in... of it.
 A: Not only to please yourself. Wouldn't you prefer
 to have it... and... to the... of them...
 in... with... another... as he calls
 it... fighting system?
 VERA: Well, that's right. But... a...
 and it's... I... I... all
 the way... Good bye to you.

OTHERS REPLY

JIM: (CALLING) See you tomorrow. Bye.
 TOM: (OFF) Bye Jim.
 DAVE: Funny...
 JIM: (UNHAPPILY) He's got a...
 And he'll fight at the top of a...
 JERRY: It's a...
 JIM: I wonder what's got into him? He's been...
 as well... I...
 JERRY: That guy? You're... Jim. I'll...
 already...
 JIM: It is...?

JIM:

Oh, he's not so bad as folks make out. He's a piece of land up near the Forest, where he does some trapping and trapping. He had a grudge against the Forest Service for a long time. But I kinda thought he'd gotten over it.

JERRY:

Not him. He's like an elephant. You see, Dr. Davidson, Jim and I found Bundy up in the timber, one day last summer, with a bad bullet in his leg. He'd tripped over a root or something and his gun went off. Jim put a tourniquet on his leg and we brought him in to town. It was a long trip, and we had a pretty tough time of it. If Jim hadn't taken care of his leg, he'd have bled to death.

JIM:

I don't think it was that bad. But Mike seemed to be mighty grateful because we did him a good turn. He hasn't given us any trouble since then.

BOB:

(FADING IN) (A LITTLE TOO CORDIAL AND FRIENDLY) Good Ranger. Where you been hunting yourself? How are you, Jerry?

JIM:

Hello, Pete. How are you?

JERRY:

How's your son, Peter?

JIM:

Like you to meet Dr. Davidson. Pete. He's from the Forest Products Laboratory. This is Pete Swank. Used to work on one of the road crews around here.

BOB:

Please to meet you, Dr. Davidson.

PAV: Glad to meet you.

PETE: Somebody sick at your place Jim?

JIM: No, Pete. Why?

PETE: Didn't you say Doctor Davidson?

JIM: Well, he's not a medical doctor, Pete. Dr. Davidson's a scientist in the study of wood. They call him a xylotomist.

PETE: (LAUGHING LOUDLY) Boy, that's a good one. They sure do fix up some hot names for you fellas. What's it mean?

JERRY: That means he's an expert in the microscopic study of wood.

PETE: I getcha.

JERRY: They're having a talk at the schoolhouse tonight, Pete. You might wanta come around and hear Dr. Davidson.

PETE: I'd be there if I could, Jim, but I'm workin' all the time I can on my claim. Keeps me pretty busy.

JERRY: Havin' any luck?

PETE: Well, I'll tell you. (DROPS VOICE) Don't let on a word of it, 'cause I ain't tellin' it to nobody but you.

JERRY: What is it?

PETE: I've struck pay dirt. Plenty of it.

JERRY: When'd you hit it, Pete?

PETE: 'Two weeks ago yesterday. I ain't told nobody, 'cause I knew it'd start a "rush" if it got out.

JIM: Your claim's not far from Tom Collins' place is it?

PETE: It's quite a ways.

JIM: I was thinkin' it might be the same vein you were working. But I guess that wouldn't be very likely.

PETE: No, this ain't a vein I've struck. I think it's only a pocket. That's why I'm tryin' to clean it out as fast as I can.

DAV: Has anybody else ever made a strike up in that territory?

PETE: Not that I know of. Old Mike Bundy's done a little prospectin', off and on. But he ain't ever got enough to make it pay.

JERRY: Mike never worked so it hard enough to hurt himself.

PETE: Say, what's the matter with him and Irish Tom Collins?

JIM: Why do you ask, Pete?

PETE: Quite a while back I was goin' past Tom's place and I heard a big argument goin' on, and before I was a couple rods down the trail, Mike come bustin' outa Tom's cabin like his pants was afire.

JIM: Did he say anything to you?

PETE: He didn't even see me. He just struck off through the timber for his place, cursin' and racin' to himself.

JERRY: Is that the only time you ever heard 'em fighting?

PETE: Well, yeah. But I've seen Mike a couple times lately,
 kinda circlin' around Tom's clearing, as if he was
 lookin' for somethin'. Say, I gotta be sittin' the
 road. I'll see you fellas again. Just kinda keep your
 under your hats, what I told you.

JIM: Sure we will, Pete.

JERRY: You bet.

PETE: (FADING) Well, so long.

OTHERS REPLY

DAVE: It seems so odd, Jim, as if there might be better
 prospecting around here than you've realized.

JERRY: If you ask me, we're gonna see a gold rush on the Pine
 Cone Forest.

JIM: It's the first time I ever knew Pete Skunk to look the
 south shore more'n long enough to get the old people
 talk to.

JERRY: It would be some guy like that that'd strike it rich.
 He hasn't done a good day's work in a lifetime.

DAVE: I'd like to have a look at his claim.

JIM: We can drop over there tomorrow after we see Tom.

JERRY: I think I'd rather go on up to the schoolhouse. Jim, I
 told Mary we'd be there early.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, tell Mary the meeting will start at
 eight.

JERRY: Okay, Jim. (FADING) I'll see about the extra chairs too.

JIM: All right, Jerry

MUSIC: TRANSITION

FADE IN MURMUR OF CROWD BACKGROUND

VOICE: (OFF) Well, I just built a new new house on my place and I was wonderin' if you could tell me how to keep termites from gettin' at it.

CROWD MURMUR SUBSIDES AS DAVIDSON SPEAKS

DAVIDSON: If you're having trouble with termites in your section, we've found out that the best way to prevent termites from getting into new buildings is to use something in the foundation that they can't get through. Concrete is the safest material. But if you use brick or stone or concrete blocks, you want to be sure to use cement mortar, because termites can work through some of the other kinds. Of course, you have to be careful to keep any wood away from direct contact with the ground. Even indirect contact like wooden planks embedded in concrete supplies opportunities for termites to start their work. And to have your building as well protected as possible, you should place what we call termite shields, between the foundation and the walls. These are sheets of metal that extend out from the foundation at an angle of forty-five degrees for a distance of about two inches. They keep the termites from extending their tubes over the foundation to reach the sills.

(MORE)

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These same shields ought to be fitted tightly around each pipe and electrical conduit, or any other inlets to the building, where the termites can make an entrance. Now, I think that's all I have to tell you tonight about protection from termites. Any of the rest of you have questions? Is there anything more we ought to cover, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: (FADING IN) I don't think of anything, Dr. Davidson.
(VOICE UP) Anyone of you fellows have questions you want Dr. Davidson to answer?

MURMUR OF CROWD IN BACKGROUND

(SOUND) SUDDEN BANGING OF DOOR IN DISTANCE

VOICE: (FADING IN FROM DISTANCE) Hey Jim, Somebody just phoned in to Ted Kyger's lunch room that there's a gold strike in the south side of Cloud Peak. Must be Pete Shank's claim.

GRADUALLY FADE UP EXCITED CROWD BACKGROUND

JERRY: (FADING IN) I told you it's suppose, Jim.

JIM: Who phoned in the news?

VOICE 1: I don't know who it was, but!

VOICE 2: (OFF) Where'd they strike per dirt?

VOICE 1: Cloud Peak. I think it's Pete Shank's claim.

VOICE 2: Where'd he say it was? Pete Shank's claim on Cloud Peak. Where'd he say? Pete Shank's claim, (SOUND OF GOLD) Is it Pete Shank's claim? They're pickin nuggets off the ground as big as your fist. You on Cloud Peak (FADING) Come on, can't you go

CROWD FADES VERY GRADUALLY.

DAVE: It looks like our meeting is over. (LAUGHING)

JIM: (CHUCKLING) It will be for tonight.

JERRY: I was sure the news would get out some way. Gosh, Jim, a gold rush on the Pine Cone Forest.

JIM: I'm afraid there'll be a stampede for Cloud Peak. I reckon we'd better get up to the station (FADING) just in case anything should happen.

CROWD OUT

MUSIC: TRANSITION

DAVE: Do you think it's likely to be much of a rush?

JIM: It's hard to tell. The only prospector I ever knew to make more'n a bare living up there is Tom Collins.

JERRY: But you can't always tell by that. Jim Duggans is. Don't you think we ought to go up now?

JIM: Yes, I do, Jerry.

JERRY: Let's get under way. Hoon.

JIM: I believe it would be wiser if we'd wait till morning.

JIM: I guess I'd better tell Tom (FADE & CUT) we won't be at his place.

CLICK OF RECEIVER

Hallo....Get on Tom Collins' place, please.

DAVE: How far is it to Cloud Peak?

JERRY: About seventeen miles

DAVE: Is Shanks' claim near the road?

JERRY: It's not far from one of our truck trails

JIM: (OFF - BIT) Hello... Yes?... Well, try him again. He might be asleep. Oh, I see. You're sure it's out of commission? Do you know how long it's been that way?
...Just now, eh? All right. Listen. If you find out anything more about it, let me know, will you, please?

All right. Thanks.

JERRY: What is it, Jim?

JIM: (FADING IN) Tom's line seems to be out of commission

DAVE: What did the operator say about it?

JIM: She said she didn't know about it until just now

JERRY: Well, maybe he hasn't come

JIM: I don't like this business. I wonder if anything could have happened to Tom? We'd better go up there tonight. You get the pick-up. Jerry (FADING) I'll tell Bats we're going

JERRY: (FADING) Sure thing, Jim.

MUSIC CURTAIN

ANNOUNCER: Listen in again next week at this same time for more news about the "Gold Rush" on the Pine Cone District. Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers come to you every Friday in the Four and Home Hour as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company in cooperation with the United States Forest Service

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